NTERTAINMENT FOR THE MODERN MAN

VOLUME 27 NUMBER 1

MAYFAIR

UBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

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CAN YOU HANDLE THESE?

JO'S 52-INCH BOOBS ARE BUSTING OUT ON PAGE 37

'SHE FONDLED MY BREASTS' LESBIAN LOVERS CONFESS TO QUEST

CELEBRITY RUDES!

AMANDA DE CADENET AND EMMA RIDLEY RUB BOTTOMS

MORE GIRLS MORE LETTERS MORE SEX

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MAYFAIR

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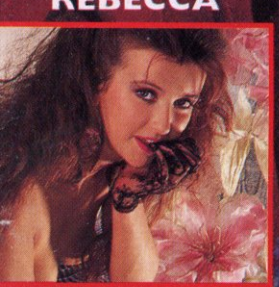
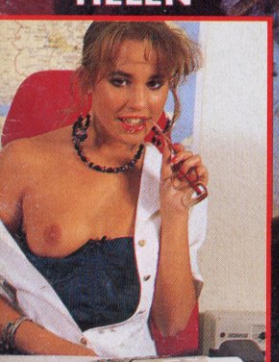


HELEN



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    1. post
- Melanie Bolton as Tricia | thread
    1. post
- Michelle Collins as Michelle Montague, GotM | thread
    1. post
- Rebecca
    1. post
- Samantha White as Samantha Bridges | thread
    1. post
- Sharlene Woodsford as Sandy | thread
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    1. post
- Tracey Brown as Tracy | thread
    1. post

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAY FERRIS

Tricia

'Hose that girl?' we hear you ask. Well it
Tricia from Berkshire but let's get ou
booby beauty, who's ready and wettin
to tell us more... "What can I say? Las
week I was sitting behind a desk in a col
London office — now I'm messing about i
the sunshine of southern Spain, half nake
with a hose down the front of my panties
Things have happened so fast I can hardl
catch my breath. It's just as well there ar
plenty of pictures of me playing with m
pussy and feeling my tits or else my mate
just wouldn't believe me!" Well, it appear
that life is on the up for our outrageous 1
year-old. "Yep," giggles Tricia, "and so
the end of this hose!"

SUZUKI

SUZUKI

TRACY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER FLOODQUIST

It's great to come across a girl who's happy with her lot — and let's face it, 21-year-old Tracy has a lot to be happy about. Our naughty nude from Knutsford in Cheshire is a rep for a well-known make-up manufacturer, that is when she's

not slipping out of her silky stockings for the camera. "Modelling is the only hobby I know that doesn't involve hanging off mountains, learning an instrument or getting dressed up in a rubber suit," says tiny Tracy, who's obviously in for a big surprise.

"And the funny thing is," adds Tracy, dropping her skimpy little knickers and showing exactly why she's bound for bigger things, "you lot can enjoy my hobby just as much as me—without even leaving your favourite armchair!" Ⓜ

t a r a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

figure always makes my panties damp, though having a bum like mine does have it drawbacks. I can't walk past a building site without men making saucy remarks; when I bend over the photcopier in the office everyone stops to stare; and holidays to Italy are simply out of the question!" Ⓜ

The magazine that brings you pert boobs, long legs and perfect pussies now presents the world's peachiest bottom — at no extra cost! But it seems we aren't the first to notice tantalising Tara's dreamy derriere...

"I swear my last boyfriend couldn't even tell you what my face looked like, he spent so much time staring at my bum," giggles the 19-year-old trainee-accountant from Tyneside. "Like most girls, I adore the attention, and men complimenting me on my

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE COLBY

When Samantha Bridges first appeared in *Mayfair* Vol 26 No 7 she threw down a challenge to any reader whose pecker appreciated her perfectly formed 34C-23-35 figure. "If you like me," said our 22-year-old systems analyst, "write in and say you'd like me to model again. You don't get anything you want in life if you don't ask!"

And you certainly know what you want so the mailbags were bulging with requests to see our Sam slipping out of her smalls again. Now, you might expect admiration on such a scale to go to some girls' heads, but the effect on our Samantha was somewhat lower down her anatomy...

"Reading your letters and finding out how much you liked my boobs and bottom really made my pussy tingle. It's a wonderful feeling knowing that so many men fancy me and would like to do such naughty things with me between the sheets. You know, guys, I've never been a shy girl," whispered Sam secretively, "but some of your suggestions made even *me* blush!" Ⓜ

Samantha

MAYFAIR
BRA
BURSTERS
JO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOHN GRAHAM

There's a lot to be said about a girl with boobs as big as Jo's but it's hard to say anything with your tongue hanging out. So, unable to be constructive about our sexy 22-year-old Staffordshire siren's boobs, we left it to technology to do the talking and fed her vital statistics into the *Mayfair* computer.

Ten minutes of flashing, bleeping and boing-ing later, the Super Duper Dirty Macintosh 5000 coughed up its results: proportionately speaking, to accommodate her 52 inch fun bags Jo should be eight foot three and a quarter inches tall, sixteen stone in weight... and born on Mars where gravity isn't such a problem! Ⓜ

nichelle

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

You've either got it or you haven't, and munchy Michelle Montague is lucky enough to have lots and lots! "I think sex appeal is something you're born with," said our very appealing 20-year-old bi-sexual who you last saw in Vol 26 No 13. "I've known for years that I can turn a guy on just by looking at him; but girls are more difficult." So what, we wondered, are the tricks to get into another girl's knicks? "Loving compliments, casual caresses... then a great big kiss on the lips!" Ⓜ

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
michelle

REBECCA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

"The only thing I want to be is a singer, though I'd rather be an actress. But, come to think of it, that's only if I couldn't be a politician," said raunchy Rebecca decisively. And because we like a girl who knows exactly what she

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
michelle

wants we asked her to choose where she'd like to strip off. "Oh, on my bed definitely—because that's where I lost my virginity," confessed our 20-year-old from the West Country. "You see I didn't fancy doing it in the back of a car or on the floor; for my first time with a man I wanted to have a nice comfortable screw on a soft bed, so we could spend ages stroking each other and trying out all sorts of positions without getting carpet burns on my bum. Yes indeed, bed is undoubtedly the place for me!" So, we hardly need say, the sofa it was! Ⓜ

Horny Helen Hanson knows more about bonking than her innocent eyes let on. Hard to believe as it is, the 18-year-old from Humberside claims she does the five-knuckle shuffle better than a bloke! "I learnt all about how to bring a guy off by playing with myself," she reveals. "Men and women aren't all that different, you know. All of us like a tender hand between our legs, taking care to react to every movement, every sound, every breath our partner makes. Using my own very feminine techniques of touch and rythm on a man makes him go wild just the way I do!" See — we told you looks were relieving. Ⓜ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL MARKHAM

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

helen

SANDY

It takes many talents to become a *Mayfair* model, though we bet you never thought a secretarial diploma was one of them. Asking a girl to get her juicy little boobs out is one thing; asking her to answer the telephone and take the Editor's dictation at the same time is altogether another. But that is precisely what

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY JONES

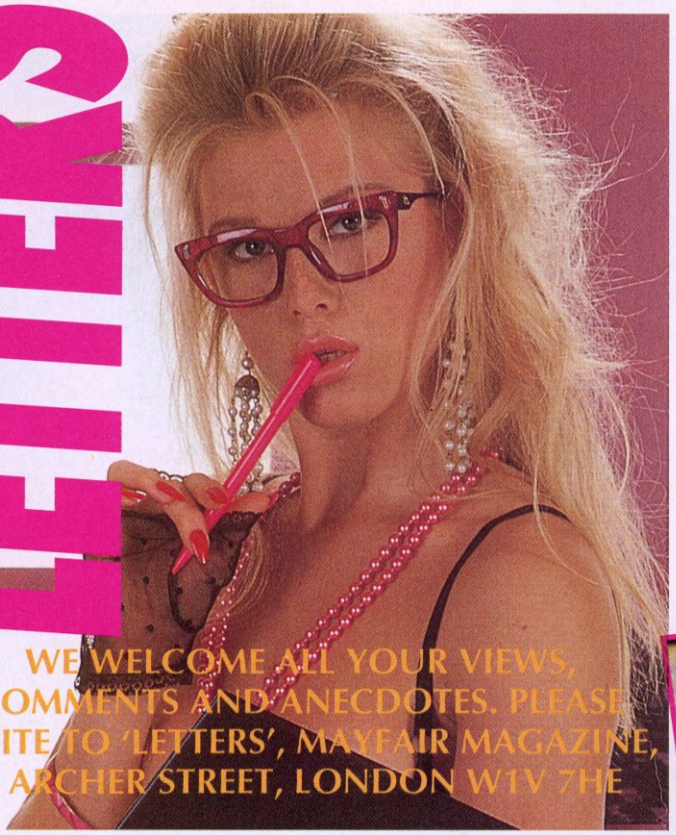
happened to sexy Sandy from the South Coast when we asked her to pop her gorgeous little body into the office earlier this month. "It's nothing I can't handle," giggled our cute 18-year-old as she grappled with her suspenders and took a call from another satisfied reader. "Now if I can just get my bum up on the desk and pull down my panties you can get a good look at my neatly trimmed pussy..."

As you can see Sandy came through with flying colours (and other things) but it just goes to show — here at *Mayfair* magazine we like to take a look at a girl's CV before we ever see her V. Ⓜ

GWENT
Cardiff
BEDFORDSHIRE

Canon

LETTERS



WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

MIRREL AND BACK

As an incurable arse addict, I have to say that one of the most munchable I've seen belongs to Mirrel in Vol 26 No 13. Those twin curves as she bends down just waiting for... well, I guess you can work out what she's waiting for, otherwise you wouldn't be running a magazine. Anyway, they're marvellous.

All the girls I've gone out with have had to get used to my obsession with bums, and taking them from behind. Much as I like tits, they can never beat the smooth globes that are a girl's arse. Running my hands down them has me bigger and harder than the main mast of a galleon.

If I knew Mirrel, I'd love to gently slip her panties down, have her kneel on the floor like she is on page 94, and then run my finger down that warm wet inviting cleft. Then, I'd whip out my eight-incher (no, really it is!) and slide that along that gorgeous groove before nudging the tip against those lovely fanny lips.They'd be glistening with love juice by then, so slowly sliding into her would be no problem, and Mirrel looks like the kind of girl who can take it up to the hilt. Then I'd pump into her, slowly at first, then hard, very hard indeed. The only snag would be not being able to see her lovely face as she cried out with pleasure.

My last girlfriend had a lovely bum just like Mirrel's and your wonderful photo spread brought back many happy humping memories. By the way, judging by his choice of girls, I reckon your editor is an arse-lover too. Am I right? J B, Plymouth

You're not far wrong! — Ed.

DRESSED TO THRILL

Your feature, Phew Bot a Scorcher in Vol 26 No 13 proved what I've believed for a long time, namely that a quick flash of fanny or boob is just as sexy as a bare one spread across two pages. Am I the only guy in the world who likes shagging girls with their clothes on?

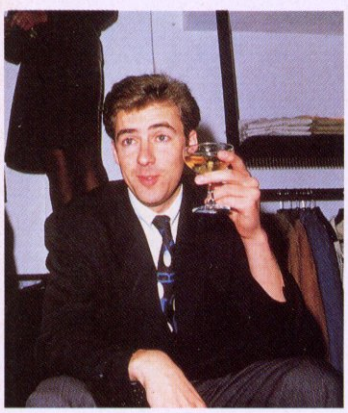
Well, most of them anyway.

A girl in silk or satin, or even just a tight pair of jeans is such a turn-on. They caress the body and extenuate its lines. But I guess you're not worried about that poetic stuff, you just want to hear about a time that I had with a girl who was fully dressed.

Well, her name was Diana, and she was wearing a dark green satin jumpsuit that clung to her all over. She looked like she'd just been dipped in green gloss paint, and my cock leapt up the moment I saw her. From the way her nipples poked through the shiny material and the smoothness of her bottom, it was obvious she wasn't wearing any undies, and frankly, I just fell in love! Or should I say, lust. Either way, it was a bit awkward as the girl was my wife's sister, and I knew anything we did would get straight back to the missus.

Whether she could see how worked up I was (and the panting and drooling was a bit of a give-away) or she fancied me, I don't know, but when we all went to the pub that night, she chose to sit next to me, very close indeed. Naturally, my hand occasionally brushed against her satin-coated thigh, and every time it did so, she smiled warmly at me. So, I chanced a gentle stroke down her thigh. It was just like touching her bare leg, soft and silky, and she seemed to be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



ERRATUM

In a recent edition of *Mayfair* it was suggested that Jonathan Ross is a chatshow host who got where he is today by wearing expensive suits and being idolised by gay television viewers who fancied a night with him on Hampstead Heath. *Mayfair* is happy to admit that there was no truth in this story whatsoever, and apologises for any embarrassment caused to Mr Ross or his friends.

Canon

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

feeling the same.

Her nipples were now poking out almost indecently, and she was obviously feeling quite hot because she excused herself saying that she was going to the toilet. I followed her out of the bar, and she accosted me immediately. "You naughty man," she laughed. "Don't you know what you're doing to me?" "No what?" I asked with mock innocence. She took my hand and placed it on her satin-covered fanny. It was hot and a little moist.

"Oh dear, whatever shall we do?" I replied with a smile. "Well, I think you should start what you've finished," she suggested. That was when fear got the better of me. My wife was only in the next room! But she grabbed me and dragged me into one of the cubicles of the ladies toilet! Very sophisticated! However, the lack of space meant that Diana really didn't want to take her clothes off, which was fine by me.

Instead, I ran my hands over the smooth fabric, over the full mounds of her breasts and buttocks, then down to her fanny which was now so wet it was soaking the material. Then Diana did something that nearly had me coming in my pants. She revealed that the jumpsuit had a double zip — doing up from the bottom as well as the top. This meant that she only had to open it a couple of inches to let my cock inside. The rest of her body remained encased in satin.

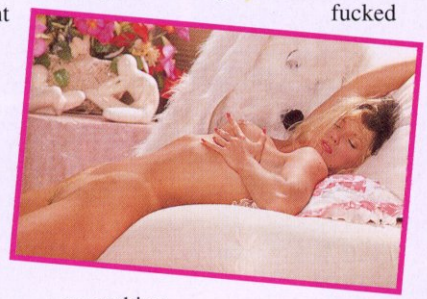
She took hold of my cock and guided it into the small gap. It was so hot and wet in there, it made the tropical rain forest look like the Sahara. With her help, my prick finally found her pussy lips, and after a rather clumsy prod, I eased into her unseen pussy. Her arms clung tightly to me, and my hands held her bum from underneath to lift her onto my cock. Her bum felt terrific through the material.

We were both so horny that it wasn't long before I shot my load into her and she responded with a shuddering climax. We then both had a wash before rejoining my wife and our friends.

Diana told me later that she loved screwing in skin-tight clothes because it was like being caressed by hundreds of hands simultaneously. Perhaps other girls might feel the same. I'm more than willing to be the man they try it with. M S, Edinburgh

SHAVEN RAVER

This letter takes some writing believe me, because at the age of forty-six I thought I had done, and fucked everything.



About three weeks ago I had to go to the house of an old friend of my wife's called Maria. I've never been alone in her company before, and to be honest, I had always thought that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

This broth is spoilt...

MONEY

City Editor Alexander More with more hot stockings and shares...

CURRENT AFFAIRS

If you were one of those smug buggers proudly boasting that your current acccount gave you 9% interest, may we suggest you look again. The mortgage rates may have dipped slightly, but when it comes to offering interest on current accounts, they've plummeted!

These days you'll be lucky to get around 3% or 4% from your *Cabbage Patch Account* with Nat's Arse (The Tight Bank). Unless, that is, you keep over a grand in it, which would be bloody stupid because you would get more by putting your big one in a savings account. The building society rates for their cheque accounts have also gone down quicker than a flasher in a frost, but are currently still better value than a "real" bank.

More importantly, Building societies also have better-looking bimbos behind the counter. I mean, take Barclays' turquoise-suited spinsters — they look more like David Icke in drag.

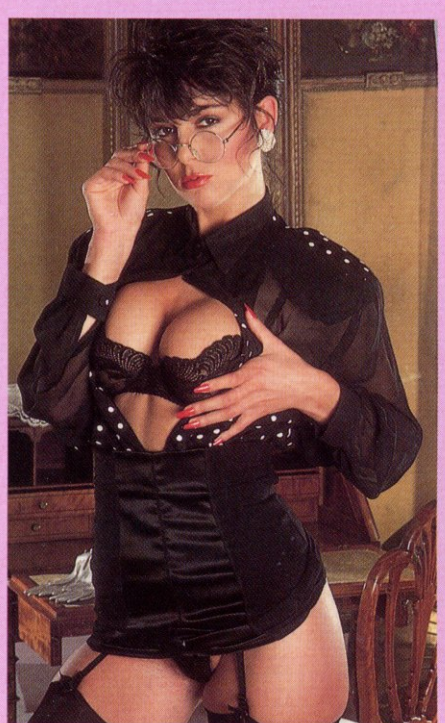
If you're a woman, it seems they won't let you anywhere near the cash at the Big Four until you hit the big four-oh. No, sod Mrs J.E. Stableforth at the Sign of the Black Look, give me Tracey in the tight polyester blouse at the Nationwide Alliance of Bradford, Leeds and Halifax Abbey any day! That's what I call added interest.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Of course readers with business accounts are already used to being treated like crap by their bank. You'd think with the recession, banks would be offering a free shag with their most attractive accounts clerk as an incentive, but no. Whilst ordinary mortals are given interest, pens, book tokens and 101 other bribes to open an account, the small businessman just gets charged. Most banks insist on around 60p per transaction (even for paying money in!) and some such as

SEARCH FOR SECS

Has your PA got what it takes to get you going first thing in the morning? Does she keep your cupboards stocked with rubbers? This month we launch the *1992 Mayfair Sexy Secretary Search*. We're looking for the kind of sec who can lie convincingly to your wife, telling her you're "in a meeting" when really you're in her knickers; the kind of sec who wears tight black pencil skirts with revealing blouses and likes to bend over a lot pens when you're standing right behind her.



If your secretary does all this and more, we want to see her — in a state of undress. Just send us a photograph of your secretary in action and she could win you a prize! In the meantime here's a few serious secretary poses to get you in the mood.

LETTERS

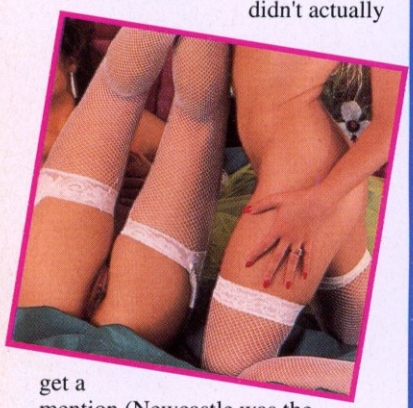
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

lay on top of Maria and rammed my prick inside her, immediately eliciting loud screams of delight from her.

Of course, I came in a matter of minutes, but that didn't really matter when we had the whole day to get properly acquainted. Maria is certainly a wonderful woman, and we managed to keep alive the passion of that very first fuck in the three months that I've been seeing her. She has to be seen to be believed! S Mc, Newbury

LESSONS IN LOVE

I felt I must write in to add my own experiences to your survey of the sauciest cities in Britain featured in Mayfair Vol 26 No12. Durham didn't actually



get a mention (Newcastle was the closest you came) so I feel it is down to me to tell you of two women that make this particular corner of the country the naughtiest little place I know!

I am a lecturer at the local University and meet a lot of lovely young women and I do find many of them very attractive, but it wasn't until I came in early to a tutorial group one morning that I discovered how attracted to each

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

Tales of sex and the sporting life

WANGER'S WHOPPERS

"LAGER!" The cry went up just as the wheels of the plane carrying England's finest 18 cricketers left the ground, bound for Australia and the World Cup.

"Lager!" The mighty cry came forth from the rear of the First Class cabin. It came from the almighty gobs of Phil Tufnell and Phil DeFreitas. The traditional drinking challenge undertaken by English and Australian cricket teams flying halfway across the world was on! The current record, David Boon's gutbusting 42 tins of lager in 22 hours, was on the line.

As cans were cracked open and stewardesses' backsides were tweaked, Leslie Wanger – England's national sporting treasure and spectacular sexual failure – examined a glowing profile of himself in the quality press and gently fondled his groin.

"Is everything alright, sir?" asked the pert bunny stewardess, breathily. "Is your seat uncomfortable?"

"Wor, Les's farmers are giving him gip," roared Alec Stewart. "Pass the rubber comfort ring!"

The stewardess leaned forward to give Wanger a cushion. She couldn't possibly help but notice the tent-shape Wanger's wanger was making in his stay-press slacks. "Perhaps I could help you to the toilet, sir," she sighed hornily.

Chocolate Cake

"Well," the stewardess said to Wanger as she locked the cubical door, "you have to do something to relieve the boredom of these flights." Wanger was stiff already, and in the mood to give the stewardess a right good boring himself. She whipped up her skirt and bent over the toilet. Wanger closed his eyes and thought of Brian Johnson. "Hoorah! Another 100 for Wanger and more chocolate cake all round!" Wanger's bum battered the door.

"I can't get in the bloody toilet," moaned Goochie, back in the cabin. "That bloody engaged light keeps flashing on and off, on and off, and it sounds like Brian Johnson's in there..."

As the plane hit the deck in Sydney, a groan went up. Allan Lamb had necked down his 40th can. "Bloody bugger," he slurred. "Jush mished it... God blesh South Africa!"

England's qualifying matches went well. Wanger kept a bat as straight as his stiffie, as he disposed of Sri Lanka almost single-handed. To the 'whinging Pommie' jeers of their less-than gracious hosts, England took out the Aussies in the semi-finals, while Pakistan shocked the favourites, West Indies.

Desperate to win the trophy for the first time in their history, the English press mounted a massive campaign to get Ian 'Beefy' Botham released from his stint as Widow Twankey at the Neasden Plaza in time for the game. A deal was struck. Botham dashed straight from the stage to the plane, not even bothering to change.

The England dressing room was tense. Wafts of chicken vindaloo from the Pakistan dressing room mixed in with liniment. Imran was winding his team up. "Let's show 'em were not just a nation of shopkeepers!"

"Who does he think he is?" grumbled Sid Lawrence. "Bloody Churchill..."

"And where the bloody hell's Botham?" yelled Goochie, in the middle of a thousand press-ups. "We'll have to field without him."

England took a nasty pasting. Javed whipped Wanger's inswinger to the boundary faster than Dennis Lillie can say "What are the odds on England?" Then when Wanger swapped to his fabled leg spin, Wasim punished his googlies painfully. Pakistan 302-6 in 60 overs, and still no Both!

Goochie and Wanger took the crease for England's reply. Gooch fell to Wasim for a brave 50, Lamb went for 16 as Wanger hung in there. Wanger could feel the pressure, and a promising hard-on, beginning to grow.

Widow Twankey

As the middle order collapsed, Botham woke from a beer-induced sleep as the plane landed, and took a cab straight to the game. The radio reported the fall of England's eighth wicket; 52 needed, Wanger still there on 109! Botham changed into his flannels in the back of the cab, giving a couple of pedestrians a fine view of the Kyber Pass.

He reached the ground as England's ninth wicket fell, Syd Lawrence trudging dejectedly past him on his way back to the hutch. Sixteen needed, two overs left.

Gasps surrounded Botham as he took guard. "Is he taking the piss, or what?" said Imran. Both wondered what the fuss was about as Wanger strode down the wicket towards him.

"I say old chap," Wanger said. "I mean, this is a bit strong isn't it? We're not back in old India now, y'know. Can't treat the natives like that, anymore..."

After a moment's thought, Botham realised what Wanger meant. He still had his Widow Twankey make up on! He was all blacked-up, and without the Chinese hat, he looked like a left-over from the Black And White Minstrels, only browner!

Pakistan were rightly insulted. Imran roared in from his run-up somewhere in the middle-distance, and took the great man in the packet. It rolled gently from Botham's throbbing manhood onto the stumps, just dislodging one bail. Wanger groaned. It was all over – England conquered and flown home in shame.

"Oh well," thought Wanger, as he applied his Widow Twankey make-up backstage at the Neasden Plaza, where he had just landed a decent-size contract to replace the disgraced Botham. "It's an ill wind and all that... Now Aladdin, about that blow-job..."

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

other some girls can be! I burst into the small room to find two of my brightest third year students, Cally and Helen, kissing like crazy on the desk at the end of the room. Of course they stopped immediately and waited quietly while the other students arrived. And except for a few blushes, the tutorial went fine. Then just as I was packing up my books to go, Helen, a smallish girl with a brunette bobbed hairstyle, stuck a note in my hand, put her arm round Cally and left the room giggling. I fully expected the note to be an apology for the girls' behaviour but I couldn't have been more wrong. 'If you liked what you saw, and you'd like to see even more,' read the hastily scribbled note, 'come to the girls' dorm in an hour. You won't be disappointed!'

I was in two minds whether to ignore the note and go about my business as usual, or take a chance and turn up at the designated place. Eventually my prick got the better of me and pointed me firmly in the direction of the girls' dorm. The girls had obviously given the rendezvous some thought as this was the day most of the other students would be at sports practice, or skiving off! So as I rounded the corner into the dorm I wasn't at all surprised to find the place empty. Empty, that is, except for a giggling heap in one of the single dormitory beds.

Suddenly the giggling stopped and out of the writhing heap of blankets and bare, shaven legs came a quiet call. "Over here, Sir! And bring that lovely bulge of yours. I've got a fanny on my fingers that could do with some of that!" Not the sort of invitation you get twice in a lifetime so I quickly stripped off down to my undershorts and slid into bed with the two girls. From then on it was a fanny-frigging, tit-gobbling, dick-licking free-for-all that had me creaming my load over the two girl's bodies.

At one point horny Helen lay underneath me on her back licking my balls while I stuck my length up Cally's love-hole. She in turn, bent her head down between Helen's legs and lapped at her lover's gaping fanny. I noticed that Cally's pussy was tighter than Helen's and something of a struggle to enter at first, but after a little while she was so wet I hardly noticed the difference. Finally I slipped my dick out and gripped it hard, spraying my creamy come all over Cally's arse and Helen's face.

Between bouts the girls explained how they had fancied having me since the first year, and in fact they had only got together themselves in an effort to seduce me. I didn't bother to tell them that there are a lot easier ways to get me than that, but none of them would be as sexy! It also transpired that Cally had never slept with a man before, only having had the pleasure of Helen's tongue, and she was keen to lose her virginity to an older, more experienced man, which certainly explained her extra-

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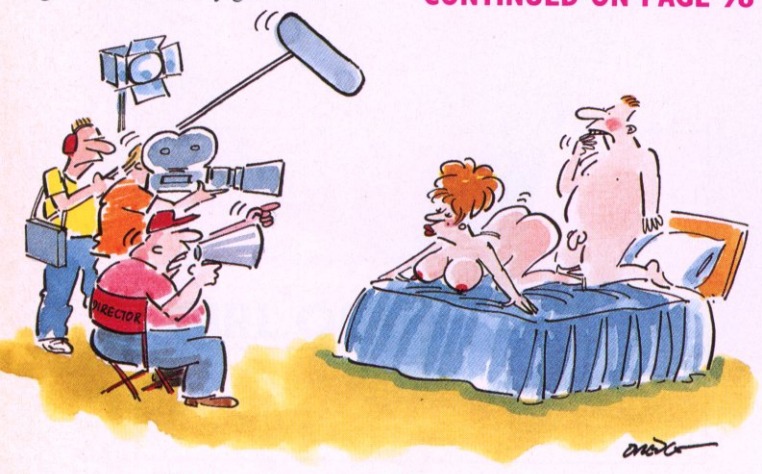

Lights, sound, roll 'em and... erection!

The Fifty Nine Second Sex Survey

The truth about sex, girls and nearly everything in less than a minute...

This month: why do women always want sex half way through The Big Match?

We sent our girls out onto the streets with big clip-boards to get in the way of innocent people trying to do their new year sale shopping and carry out a *Turn-on/Turn-off* survey. We questioned a thousand women from all walks of life: from barmaids to barristers, shop-girls to secretaries, and models to manageresses. And this is what they came up with...

5% confessed that Elton Welsby made them weak between the legs and damp at the knees (or something like that)
5% more revealed that it was the rousing theme tune that stirred them into doing a strip on the Wilton
10% said it was the sight of their partner dressed in full Arsenal away strip, complete with studs and scarf that had them gagging for a shagging
15% said it was the sound of their men's singin' that made them drop their linen
20% told us that they wanted to prove to themselves that no man could turn down a bit of rumpy pumpy even in the face of stiff opposition
45% of the gorgeous girls asked revealed that their reason for creaming their jeans when the Big Match came on was simple coincidence because they always get horny mid-afternoon (makes you wonder what they get up to during the week though!)

And there you have it. Exclusive proof that, even if you're not a football fan, flicking on The Big Match of a Sunday afternoon can help you score.
Mayfair magazine — First with the answers!

CONNECTIONS

Another contrived list of people whose connection is, well, somewhat tenuous...

Davie Dodds is said to be the ugliest man ever to play football in Scotland...

AS DID
TV presenter *Ian St John* who, it has been claimed, wears a very convincing toupee...

AS SHOULD
Robert Robinson the man who

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

she was a bit of snob and a prick teaser. (In the past my wife had told me she was flat chested and did not know the first thing about sex.) To be honest, she was exactly the opposite, her breasts looked beautiful and she had long, slender legs.

Anyway we got talking, and somehow I told her what my wife had said and that I had been led to believe she was totally different from what I had expected. Maria laughed, and then made me an offer that I simply couldn't refuse — she offered to model for me, personally. Of course I said that I'd be flattered. She disappeared upstairs for about ten minutes and later shouted at me from the top of the stairs where she stood wearing a white lace basque, white stilettos and her beautiful hair hanging loose. Christ, she looked absolutely amazing!

I felt wildly aroused and my heart was pumping with desire, however out of respect, fear and beguilement, I managed to make my excuses and leave. I think I drove home with the biggest lump I've ever had in my trousers — and a wicked desire to see her again.

Of course, I managed to make an excuse to visit her again and dropped by her house the following Saturday. Nothing much happened, and I was beginning to think that she was a tease and was just about to leave when she said, "I think my tits are quite nice. What do you think, Stephen?" I nodded numbly, before Maria lifted up her sweater and then walked towards me. Her boobs were sheer perfection, 38 inches of firm beautiful flesh. My mouth moved to her nipples and I began to suck on her swollen buds. Maria groaned loudly as I ran my tongue all around her nipples, but before I had a chance to get any further, she dropped to her knees in front of me.

She swiftly undid my trousers and released my cock. Holding onto the shaft with one hand and cradling my balls with the other, she flicked her tongue across my purple bell end. I held onto her long hair as she greedily took my length into her mouth, and built up a steady sucking rhythm.

As she did this, her fingers moved down to her crotch and she started to finger herself, before removing her fingers and offering them to my lips. She tasted wonderful and, more than anything else, I wanted to taste that succulent, sweet cunt of hers for myself.

I manoeuvred Maria onto the floor, and pulling her panties to one side, I was faced with the most beautiful pussy I have ever seen. Her pussy mound was covered in soft downy hair, and her cunt lips were completely shaven. I slowly licked up the insides of her thighs, before pulling apart her pussy lips and probing her slit with my wet tongue. Every few minutes I backed off, simply to gaze in awe at her pussy, before building up my licking to such intense levels that Maria was thrashing around on the floor, shaking her head in abandonment.

When she finally came, Maria let out a loud scream and her thighs gripped my head as an orgasm ripped through her body. Without wasting another second, I quickly

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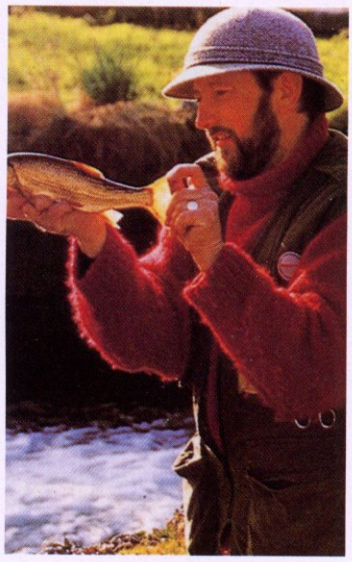
ERRATUM



In the Connections article appearing in *Mayfair*, Vol 26 No 14, we would like to point out that the statement "Go Fishing's John Wilson catches ugly old trout" is erroneous. Mr Wilson is keen to bring our attention to the fact that he has caught numerous young and rather attractive trout as can be seen in his series of unmissable angling videos out now. We apologise for any embarrassment caused and withdraw the statement uncategorically (with our fingers crossed behind our backs so it doesn't count).

mayfair hears

"With all the women I got, why would I try to get back a woman I already had? I'm used to having the best of things and that includes women." — *Mike Tyson on rumours he's been chasing ex-wife Robin Givens.*

"It's gonna be nice to have the whole Swedish nation lick our backs!" — *Roxette's Per Gessle, whose picture appeared on postage stamps in Sweden.*

"I believe in lust as first sight." — *Pint-sized scouser Sonia.*

"I think if you wear boxer shorts all your life then you'll have droopy testicles later on." — *Sam Fox on that all-important support.*

"I lost my virginity to an older woman. She took me down to the beach and did things to me that I'd never experienced before!" — *'Baywatch's beach bum David Hasselhof in cherry-losing scenario.*

mayfair reads

After months of looking for a wife, Leeds estate agent Desmond Gent finally found himself a woman — on his front lawn. New to the area and not knowing anyone, Desmond got fed up with never meeting the right soul mate so he designed a sign in the style of a 'For Sale' estate agent's board, appealing for available women to get in touch. Last September he found 23-year-old hairdresser Deborah Goodman standing in the front drive laughing at the sign. And they've been together ever since. The couple are now advertising for a best man. *Yorkshire Post.*

A man narrowly escaped being shot — for going to the toilet. Thirty-year-old Californian Tom Fennick was having a quiet dump in the early hours following a drunken night at his local bar. As he sat there doing the business in the dark the door was flung open and he was confronted by an armed policeman and his next door neighbour. "What the hell are you doing in my apartment?" demanded Tom. "It's not your apartment," replied his neighbour Joel. "It's mine — you live next door." Joel had been woken in the early hours by strange groaning sounds coming from the bathroom and had phoned the police. "I guess I was a little drunk and wandered into the wrong place," said Tom. *LA Reader.*

Nineteen-year-old Dan Manchai from Thailand had a blazing argument with his parents and ran off to his room to sulk and hasn't come out for 23 years. Dan, now 42, was used to getting his own way as a child. However, when he wanted a motorbike, they refused to give in to his demands and off he flew to his bedroom. Each morning his mother takes him food and tries to coax Dan out with the promise to buy him a bike. But he stubbornly refuses to forgive them. "I thought the whole thing would be over by dinner time," said the distraught mother. *National Enquirer.*

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

feeling the same.

Her nipples were now poking out almost indecently, and she was obviously feeling quite hot because she excused herself saying that she was going to the toilet. I followed her out of the bar, and she accosted me immediately. "You naughty man," she laughed. "Don't you know what you're doing to me?" "No what?" I asked with mock innocence. She took my hand and placed it on her satin-covered fanny. It was hot and a little moist.

"Oh dear, whatever shall we do?" I replied with a smile. "Well, I think you should start what you've finished," she suggested. That was when fear got the better of me. My wife was only in the next room! But she grabbed me and dragged me into one of the cubicles of the ladies toilet! Very sophisticated! However, the lack of space meant that Diana really didn't want to take her clothes off, which was fine by me.

Instead, I ran my hands over the smooth fabric, over the full mounds of her breasts and buttocks, then down to her fanny which was now so wet it was soaking the material. Then Diana did something that nearly had me coming in my pants. She revealed that the jumpsuit had a double zip — doing up from the bottom as well as the top. This meant that she only had to open it a couple of inches to let my cock inside. The rest of her body remained encased in satin.

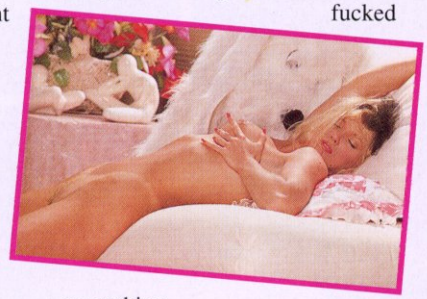
She took hold of my cock and guided it into the small gap. It was so hot and wet in there, it made the tropical rain forest look like the Sahara. With her help, my prick finally found her pussy lips, and after a rather clumsy prod, I eased into her unseen pussy. Her arms clung tightly to me, and my hands held her bum from underneath to lift her onto my cock. Her bum felt terrific through the material.

We were both so horny that it wasn't long before I shot my load into her and she responded with a shuddering climax. We then both had a wash before rejoining my wife and our friends.

Diana told me later that she loved screwing in skin-tight clothes because it was like being caressed by hundreds of hands simultaneously. Perhaps other girls might feel the same. I'm more than willing to be the man they try it with. M S, Edinburgh

SHAVEN RAVER

This letter takes some writing believe me, because at the age of forty-six I thought I had done, and fucked everything.



About three weeks ago I had to go to the house of an old friend of my wife's called Maria. I've never been alone in her company before, and to be honest, I had always thought that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

This broth is spoilt...

MONEY

City Editor Alexander More with more hot stockings and shares...

CURRENT AFFAIRS

If you were one of those smug buggers proudly boasting that your current acccount gave you 9% interest, may we suggest you look again. The mortgage rates may have dipped slightly, but when it comes to offering interest on current accounts, they've plummeted!

These days you'll be lucky to get around 3% or 4% from your *Cabbage Patch Account* with Nat's Arse (The Tight Bank). Unless, that is, you keep over a grand in it, which would be bloody stupid because you would get more by putting your big one in a savings account. The building society rates for their cheque accounts have also gone down quicker than a flasher in a frost, but are currently still better value than a "real" bank.

More importantly, Building societies also have better-looking bimbos behind the counter. I mean, take Barclays' turquoise-suited spinsters — they look more like David Icke in drag.

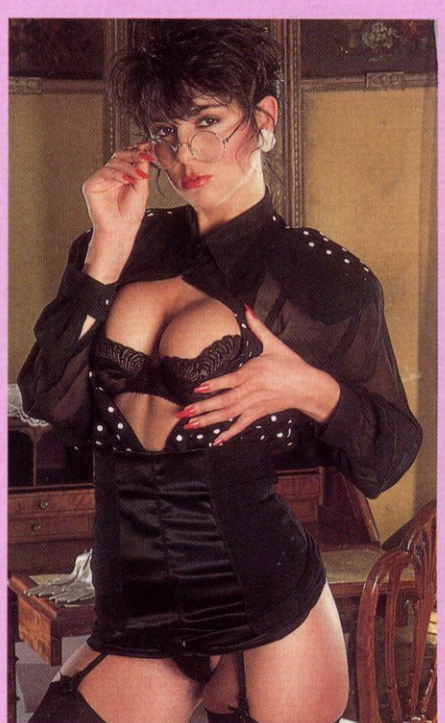
If you're a woman, it seems they won't let you anywhere near the cash at the Big Four until you hit the big four-oh. No, sod Mrs J.E. Stableforth at the Sign of the Black Look, give me Tracey in the tight polyester blouse at the Nationwide Alliance of Bradford, Leeds and Halifax Abbey any day! That's what I call added interest.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Of course readers with business accounts are already used to being treated like crap by their bank. You'd think with the recession, banks would be offering a free shag with their most attractive accounts clerk as an incentive, but no. Whilst ordinary mortals are given interest, pens, book tokens and 101 other bribes to open an account, the small businessman just gets charged. Most banks insist on around 60p per transaction (even for paying money in!) and some such as

SEARCH FOR SECS

Has your PA got what it takes to get you going first thing in the morning? Does she keep your cupboards stocked with rubbers? This month we launch the *1992 Mayfair Sexy Secretary Search*. We're looking for the kind of sec who can lie convincingly to your wife, telling her you're "in a meeting" when really you're in her knickers; the kind of sec who wears tight black pencil skirts with revealing blouses and likes to bend over a lot pens when you're standing right behind her.



If your secretary does all this and more, we want to see her — in a state of undress. Just send us a photograph of your secretary in action and she could win you a prize! In the meantime here's a few serious secretary poses to get you in the mood.

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

tight pussy.

Then it was back to licking out Cally's dripping fanny while Helen french-kissed her mouth and nearly sucked the nipples off her tits.

That afternoon we fucked and sucked in every position possible and a few more besides, for it wasn't just me who was teaching these girls how to fuck — for a couple of relative novices they certainly were quick learners! A N, County Durham

MAIL ATTRACTION

I'm a happily married young woman, but I must confess that lately I've started taking notice of horny guys I see around the place, and my wandering eyes recently led to the sexiest adventure of my life!

I went to my husband's office to meet him for lunch one day, and as I arrived a little early I was sitting in reception, reading a magazine, when the mailboy walked by. He can't be much over 18, and I'm nearly 30, but that didn't stop me noticing how cute and squeezable his bum looked in his tight jeans!

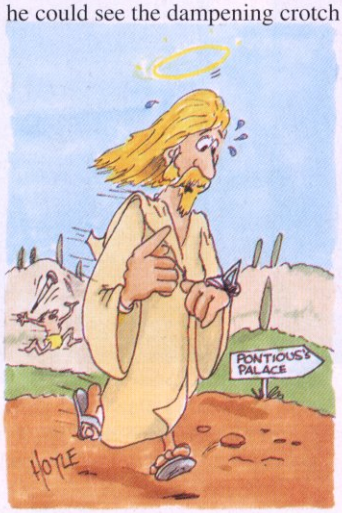
I'm not normally that impulsive, but I got this sudden urge to see if I could chat him up. I sneaked down the corridor behind him until he disappeared into the postroom, and after a quick glance to make sure nobody saw me, I followed him inside.

Carl was sitting down, flicking through a copy of *Mayfair* (that's how I got your address) by the time he noticed me, so I guess he was already feeling pretty horny. He certainly didn't look too unhappy when I perched on the desk in front of him and hitched my skirt up so he could see the dampening crotch of my red satin panties!

He opened his mouth to ask who I was, but I told him, "If you want to use that tongue, you can lick my cunt with it." In an instant the red satin was pulled to one side and the randy guy was parting my pussy lips with his fingertips and burying his tongue right inside me.

The whole situation had got me so hot that I came almost straight away, but that just made me even hornier. Carl stood up and pulled his rock-hard cock out of his jeans. It felt huge as he slid it into my wet snatch and when he began to thrust in and out it felt like every inch of my body was on fire. I wrapped my legs around his cute bum as he pumped harder and harder, finally spilling his hot cream deep inside my pussy.

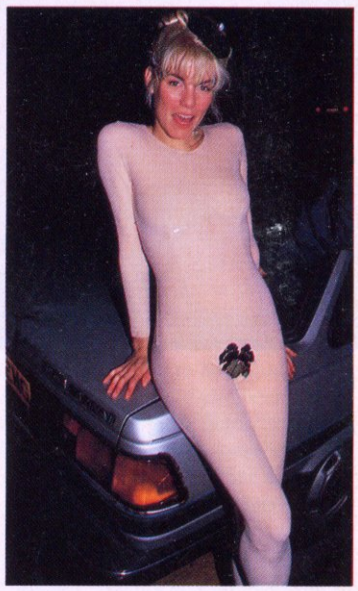
I was pretty late for my lunchdate with my husband, but I'm sure that he just thought I was flushed and a bit breathless because I had been hurrying to meet him — not because I'd been having a steamy sex session in the postroom! S J, Liverpool



I was supposed to meet Pilate at six... God, he'll crucify me!

ERRATUM

It has been brought to the Publisher's attention that Miss Sarah Stockbridge, whose munchy melons featured prominently in last month's *Flash!* feature, is not only the sexy star of the Crunchie chocolate bar advertising campaign of last year, but also the leading lady with the legs in that horny new ad for BSCO jeans that can only be seen after nine o'clock. Sorry Sarah. But just in case any of our readers missed you or didn't know who you were the first time, here's saucy Sarah turning over a new leaf!



Next month in Mayfair

Tracey Harper is the horniest girl to hit Page Three in years... so we were over the moon when she chose *Mayfair* for her naked debut. See what you've been missing in

Volume 27 Number 2 on sale February 13

MAYFAIR

Girobank even demand a monthly fee on top! As for interest, forget it! However, there is a way around it...

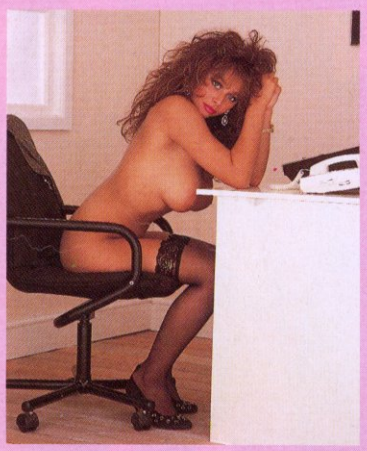
A few of the big banks (Barclays and Midland, for example) will give a year's free banking to new accounts. So, simply move your account between them every year. It gives you a wider range of sour-faced spinsters to look at, and you avoid the transaction charges. As for interest, the only way to get any at all is run a deposit account in parallel with your business current account. Even then, it's piss-poor. Roll on the day when building societies start offering an alternative.

GAYNOR'S ASSETS

Gaynor Bell has become one of our most successful models, but you might not be aware that she owes it all to the government. They were the first to pay her to get her tits out!

Gaynor started work by getting a grant from the Manpower Services Commission of around £40 a week to flash her fanny, and then went from strength to strength. So if Gaynor can do it, why not every other unemployed girl with bodacious boobs!?

Well, the grants are still there, but now the conditions strictly specify "No nude modelling or other activities liable to bring the scheme into disrepute". So if you were thinking Mr Major was going to sponsor your first porn movie, tough flippin' titty!



VAT'S LIFE

On the subject of small businesses, one phrase guaranteed to fill the trousers of any entrepreneur is... the VAT inspection. Every registered business has to undergo one (usually about 18 months after setting up) and the Customs and Excise delight in looking into everything. The only way to stop them doing an intimate body search of your business is to make them as uncomfortable as possible. That way the officious officials won't want to stay long. Our six tips are:-

1) Put them somewhere cold, draughty and damp.
2) Give them a hard chair (79.65% of all VAT officers have piles).
3) Interrupt them repeatedly to answer the phone or get your staff to barge past every two minutes.
4) Provide them with more invoices than Stock, Aitken and Waterman, so they can't be arsed going through them all.
5) Refuse to give them tea or biscuits (you can't afford such fripperies) — they'll be starving by noon.
6) Ban smoking.

After a morning of that, they'll be desperate to get to the pub for a quiet pint and a fag...

Then assuming they haven't discovered your dodgy cash deals, you won't see them again for several years...

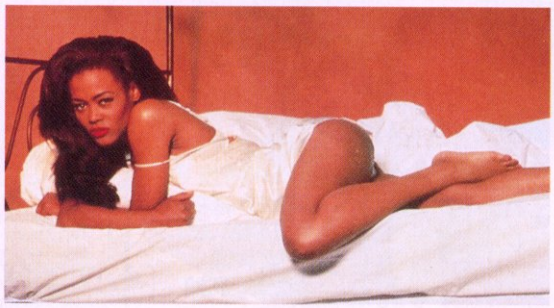
FOOD FOR THOUGHT

If you want a quiet night out with your girlfriend before getting her back to your place, take her to a Pizza Hut, Berni Inn or Beefeater Restaurant. The food may be crap, but you won't have trouble getting a seat. Whitbread, the brewers who own the chains, have seen their profits slump for the first time ever. They say that the recession is making people more reluctant to eat out. Or could it just be that people are getting pig-sick of muzack, gluey pizza and tiny bits of tough steak served by acne-ridden adolescents?

STUFF

Your guide to those things that February wouldn't be worth getting up for without...

Slipping up and breaking your left ankle on a pile of pink grit put down by the local council to make the pavement less slippery



Buying the very funny *Rage in Harlem* on video out now from Palace to see Robin Givens slinking about in next-to-nothing

Purchasing a pair of Y-front long-johns from Marks and Spencer then wondering why women don't fancy you any more

Splashing out £299 on an Akai VS-F310 video recorder because, according to the bumf, "it gives you superb picture quality at an amazing price". Yeah, and so does *Mayfair* but for a damn sight less dosh!

Falling for a 'Buy now — Pay later!' campaign and shelling out over two grand for a Magimix worth forty quid

Buying a Valentine Card hoping to get a shag only for her to think it came from someone else

Throwing up at ads like "Snookums loves Miss Tiggywinkle simply oodles" in The Times

Putting one in all the same

A pocket-full of new from Boots so you with a big blob of

Soltan Ski Sticks can watch Ski Sunday white goo on your nose

Turning off the central heating to save energy like a good green conservationist only to find that all the pipes have frozen

Buying *Better Sex* on video before those old duffers at the BBFC ban it

Discovering "emergency 24 hour plumber" means, "plumber fast asleep with the answerphone on and absolutely no intention of getting up"

Having to pay the emergency plumber £200 in cash to mend the burst pipe when he turns up three days later

Getting absolutely rat-arsed because booze is bound to go up in The Budget

Finally opening that present from Gran only to find it was a wedge of stilton

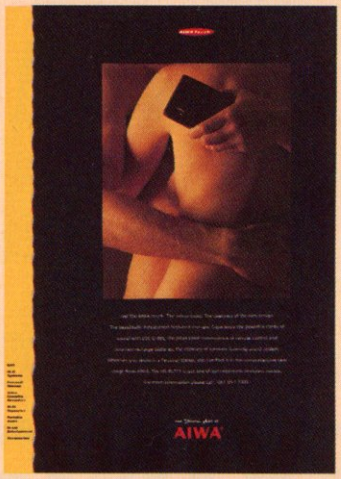
HARD SELL

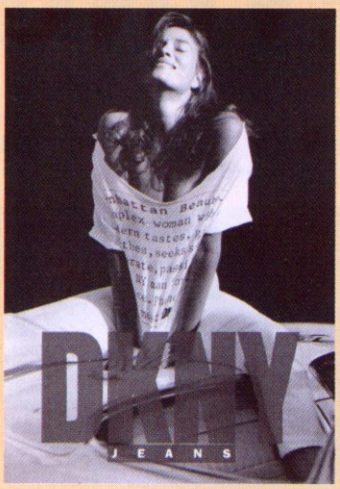
A close look at the bare facts of advertising...

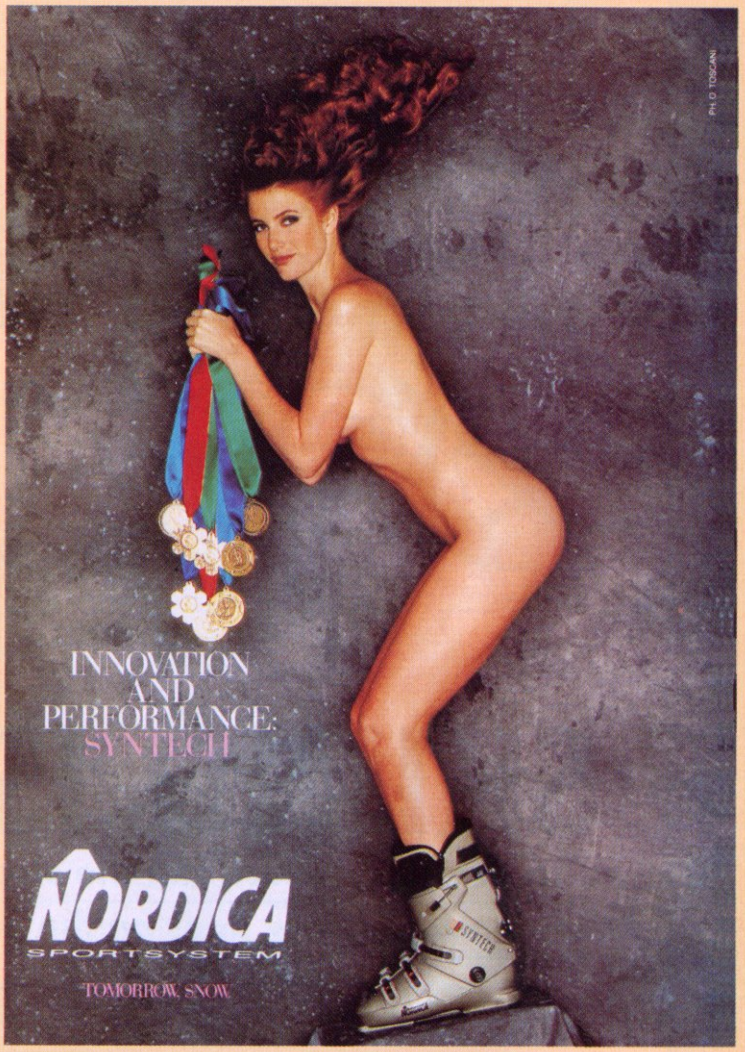
Advertisers certainly know how to grab our attention. Naked models sell regardless of how relevant they may be to the product. Everything from sun cream to ski boots have benefitted from a spot of sauciness. But it is perfume manufacturers who are the worst culprits, flogging bottles of over-priced smelly water with pictures of bare boobs and bronzed bums.

Not that we're complaining — we'd rather admire a lythe beauty than spend hours trying to work out what the latest Benson and Hedges ad means!

From top left: Bergasol use a cheeky way to sell their sun tan lotion; Aiwa's link with bare boobs is less obvious; and DKNY Jeans' cleavage campaign is surely aimed at the wrong end of the market. *Below:* these days the French like to see tits with their cassette tapes; and all's bare in love and the advertising war between the perfume makers. *Main picture:* Nordica have a novel way to show off their slinky boots.







used to Ask The Family...

AS DID
Clare Louise before appearing topless and bare-bottomed in *Mayfair*...

AS DID
Boxer *Chris Eubank* who is a very rich man...

AS WAS
Comedian *Ken Dodd* who has buck teeth and an ugly mug...

AS DOES
The unacceptable face of Scottish football, *Davie Dodds*

Places to go: Alaska is so cold you won't be going anywhere.
Local greeting: "Brrrrrrrrrrr..."
Hazards: Polar bears; oil slicks; and invading commies.

HAWAII

Close your eyes and imagine an island with beautiful beaches, blue skies and lightly tanned women wearing flowers for underwear. Then open them and see what the 30 years since 'Blue Hawaii' have done to this Pacific gem. Known as the Isle of Man of America, Hawaii was the last state to be invaded, sorry, welcomed by America into the Union, though some argue that in fact Britain holds that particular honour.
Places to go: Honolulu for the swimming; Kauai for the surf; and Waikiki for the Persil.
Local greeting: A kiss on the lips and "Aloha" – meaning "If you knew what I've just had in my mouth you wouldn't be slipping your tongue in".
Hazards: Volcanoes; surfers singing Elvis songs; and Magnum Pi (sausage-roll garnished with a woolly walrus moustache).

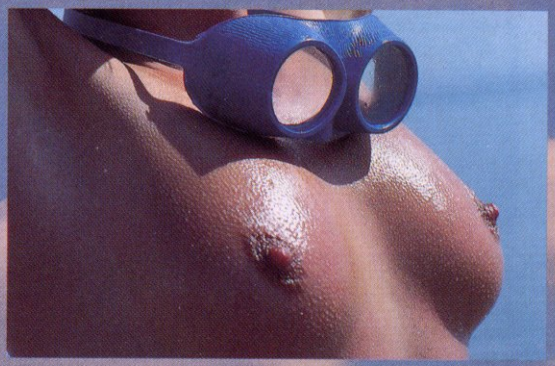
AMERICAN LINGO

Bitchin': really rather good
Bro': a very good companion
Stoned: inebriated
Dope: absolutely fabulous
Fanny: a lady's bottom
Beer: cat's piss

BURGER THAT!

How does an English tourist cope with ordering a hamburger from an American? Here we show you how...
Tourist: "Good day, may I please have..."
Burger Assistant: "Well howdy folks. Welcome to *Big K Rap Burgers!* We take the thickest, juiciest slice of ham, roll it in flour, throw it in the air and pound it with a hammer for a really neat and tasty bite!"
T: "Oh! Um, could I please have a hamburger?"
BA: "Well I'll be! A English person! I'll bet my bottom dollar you're from London!"
T: "Well, no. Actually I'm from Chester..."
BA: "Oh, I'm sorry I thought y'all was English! Now will ya be wanting deep-fried, flame-grilled or poached hamburger?"
T: "Er, flame-grilled, please."
BA: "Sure. And will ya be wanting cheese, onions, tomato, lettuce or cow poo topping?"
T: "Just plain please, and I'm in a bit of a hurry actually, so if you could just..."
BA: "Sure thing. And will y'all be wanting your burger in a oat bun, sesame seed bun, a date bun, a up-yer-bu..."
T: "Oh, for God's sake. All I want is a fuckin' normal fuckin' hamburger..."
BA: "Now you don't wanna be gittin' stressed up like that!"
T: "Oh fuck off..."
BA: "Is that a regular, medium or a big Fuck Off, Sir...?"

Now you know why so many Americans carry guns.



AMAZING AMERICA!

In Deerfield, Illinois, snogging in vehicles is prohibited apart from the drop-off zone at the railway station.

The American Church High Priest, James Hillier claims to bring salvation to the 'sexually anxious'. The Sisters wear black bras, suspenders and carry long leather whips.

AMERICA

Yep, the world's a big place but you can be sure it's bigger in America – the land of the free and the home of organised crime; the birth place of Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and the stress-related heart attack. So, asks rough guide Cliff Wicket, if the US is that bad why go?

There are two good reasons to go to America: one is the wonderful women; the second is that come summer most of America is in Britain. Flights range from £4480 on Concorde to £349 return flying bog-standard class. Sea travel starts from £715, but you could always make a boat out of two milk bottles and a lolly stick and row to America, then keep the sponsorship charity money to spend when you get there.

Just remember – book early to avoid the rush of disgusting fat couples wearing golfing slacks and patronising the British on their home turf.

WHAT TO TAKE

Union Jack cap, Union Jack t-shirt, Union Jack shorts, Union Jack socks and a bulldog: just in case anyone is any doubt as to your nationality. Brush-up on your best cut-glass English James Bond accent and don't forget to pack that very British superiority complex!

FLORIDA

Florida, or the Graveyard State, is the home of the Golden Girls, the playground of the terminally ill and the killing fields of Panamanian drug barons. You can buy anything from floosies and Uzis, to vital organs and vials of crack – but, unfortunately, you can't buy time so most of Florida's population of 8,871,223 million is buried six feet underground.

Places to go: Orlando for Disney World; Miami for vice; and bed to die.

Local greeting: "Hi! My name's Mickey! Now get your liddle ol' wallets out and we'll rip y'all off before we shoot y'... Have a nice day now!"

Hazards: Six foot mice; pretty American actors who wear their sunglasses at night; and death.

FIVE THINGS TO BLAME ON THE AMERICANS WHILE YOU'RE THERE

Angus Steak Houses
McDonalds
The continuing success of *The Mousetrap*
Burberry Scarves
The Royal Family

NEW YORK

One of the original 13 states, New York is home to more drop-outs, weirdos and wackos than the rest of the world put together – including Glasgow! Just off the coast is New York City, otherwise known as The Big Arsehole, or is that Apple?

Places to go: The Empire State building to see the view; Broadway for the shows you can't see in London because they're packed with Yanks; and Harlem to see your life pass before your eyes.

Local greeting: "Your wallet or the number of your therapist cos you look like really together kinda people."

Hazards: Woody Allen; stockbrokers jumping from high buildings; and standing in the Bronx shouting 'C'mon then. Where are these mean muthers I've heard about then?'

TEXAS

Texas is a state full of women with legs up to their armpits and armpits up to their eyebrows. Consequently those lumps on their chests are knee-caps and that facial hair is probably a fanny.

Places to go: Houston for the oil; San Antonio to shoot an illegal immigrant; and Dallas see to grown men dress as cowboys and acting like heterosexuals.

Local greeting: "Now just you bend over there boy and I'll show you what a Texas longhorn really is!"

Hazards: Chainsaws; exploding space shuttles; and the Texan drawl – locals can put up to three syllables in the word 'dog' and take over an hour to say it.

CALIFORNIA

There is an old Indian saying that if it wasn't for California, America would have a big chunk missing from its west coast and Arizona would be the biggest beach in the world. But it is far truer to say that if it wasn't for California, America would be a Third World country with no film stars.

The reason the song goes 'I wish they all could be California girls' is because this state has the highest population of blonde bimbos per square mile than any other place in the world – except Essex.

Places to go: Beverly Hills for the Easy Diners; San Francisco for the 49ers; and Los Angeles for the 69ers.

Local greeting: "Oh dahling, you look simply gorgeous... I must give you the name of my plastic surgeon."

Hazards: Being run over by roller-skating bimbos carrying trays of Cinzano; picking up money in front of men with big moustaches; and getting stared at because you're the only person in California without a knot on top of your head and an arsehole behind your ear.

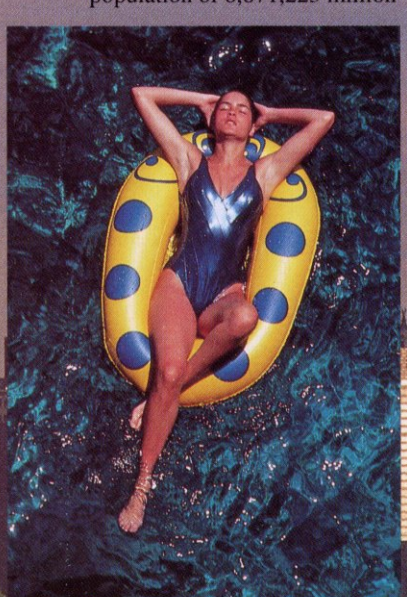
WOMEN

America isn't called the Big Country for nothing: most US girls have huge boobs and faces so pretty you'll never want to come home... till you meet those American girls who eat their food by the trough, buy their dresses in carpet discount stores and model their bottoms on Roseanne Barr.

But for the most part America is full of Michelle Pfeiffer/Madonna/Kim Basinger look-alikes who are real suckers for us Brits. The only trouble you'll have is choosing which one to have suck you first!

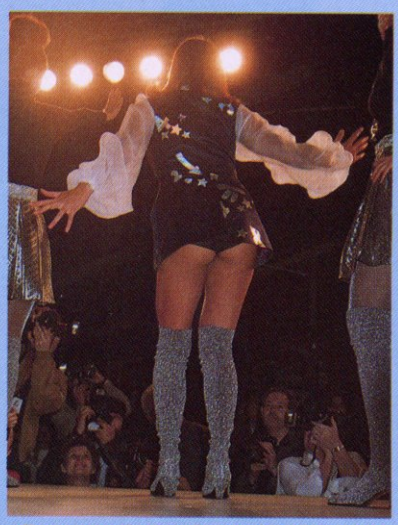
ALASKA

Alaska is to America what Scotland is to England: as long as the oil keeps flowing it can stay. Then it goes up for sale – probably back to the Russians whom the US bought it off in the first place for a pork pie and a pair of Levi's Red Tab jeans.



flash!

Gorgeous TV presenter Amanda de Cadenet has The Word for ex-wild child Emma Ridley. And that word is "Ooooooohh!"

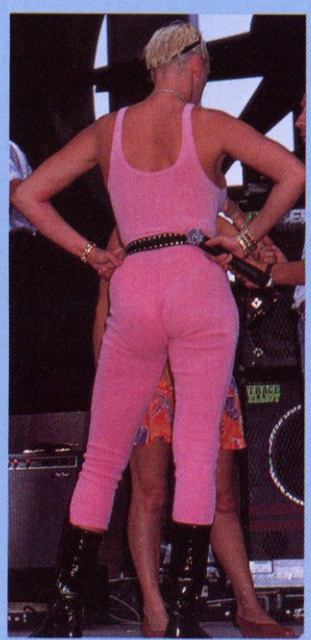


Pop star Betty Boo's boobs may be boo-tiful, but her butt is the rarest rump in rock.

Yet again Mayfair gets to the bottom of the celebrity game! The magazine that turns the other cheek is well out in front when it comes to bringing up the rear — and to prove it, our snappers have been out and about on a highly successful buttock hunt. Here are the buns they brought back...

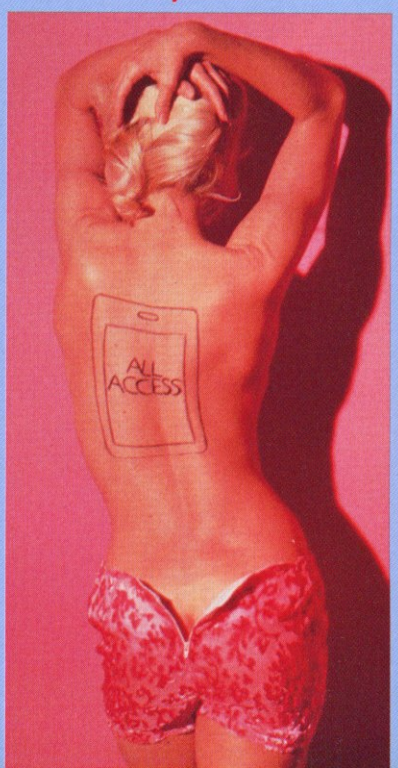
Suzanne Mizzi shows clearly why she turned her back on topless modelling!

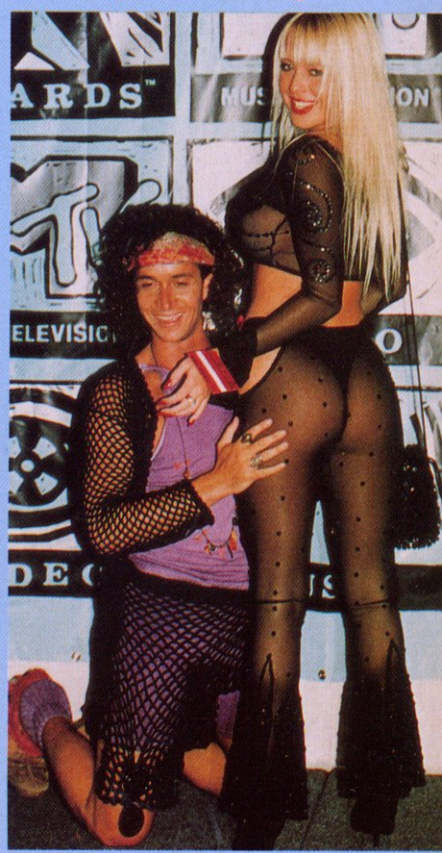
"Sign here!" said a randy autograph hunter to Guns'N'Roses singer Axl Rose. Even then she proved a handful...



Great Dane Brigitte Neilsen sets out to prove a leotard never changes her bots. That one creased us up...

Who's that girl? Madonna, of course, inviting all comers to take a tug at her descending zip. Would you credit it?





Super groupie and hardcore porn star Savannah has her pert bits patted at the MTV awards.

Chapter Eight:

Nasty, brutish and short

*Travel through time with **Professor Stefan Backwards** in Part Umpteenth of the story of everything from their humble beginnings in nothing, to an era when Pepys had nothing to do with Harry Enfield's stereotypical humour...*

According to the philosopher Thomas Hobbes, Human life in the Seventeenth Century was "Nasty, brutish and short". A fair description of most Cockneys, but was it an accurate picture of people elsewhere? Well, yes, except in Yorkshire where the people were nasty, brutish, short and bloody rude. But how had this unpleasant state of affairs come about? To find out the answer we must go to the Court of King James VI of Scotland.

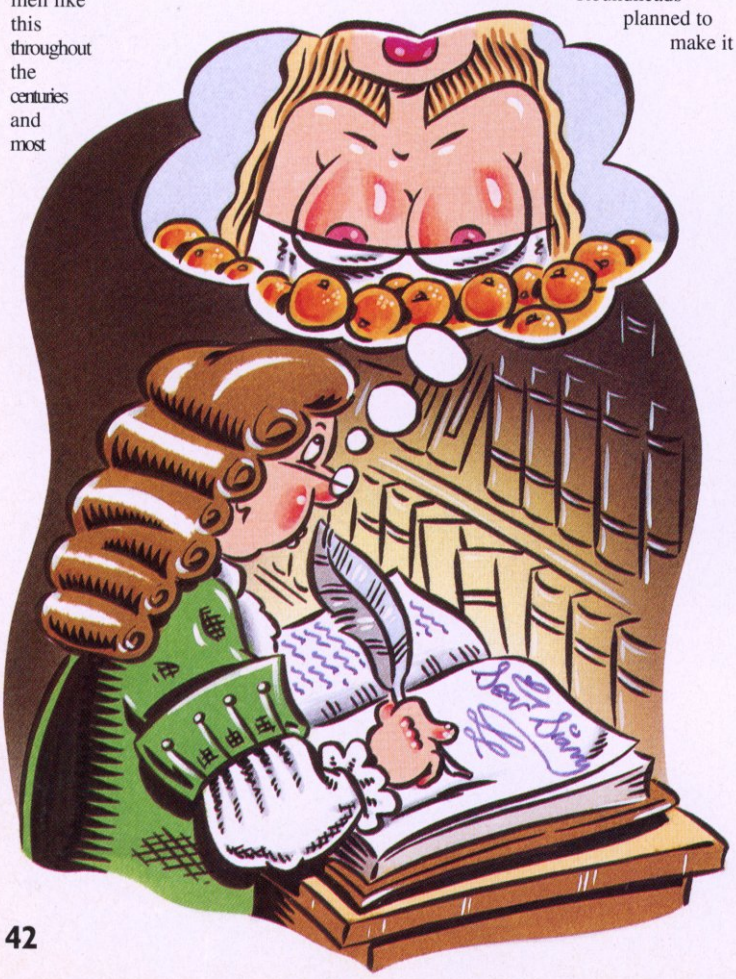
In 1607 James brought about the first act of union and became James the I. After panting a bit and saying "Gadzooks, Moira! You were marvellous for a beginner", he decided that Scotland and England should be joined together. This was the start of all the trouble.

Divine And Rule

James and his successor, Charles I, believed in the divine right of Kings. That is to say they thought that "God had told them to do it". There have been many men like this throughout the centuries and most of them have ended up in jail. Or as Chief Constables of Greater Manchester. Charles I was to fall into the former category.

Charles was a notorious womanizer and libertine. His most famous conquest was the grocer's daughter, Mrs Thatcher. Er, I mean, of course, Nell Gwyn. Charles admired Nell's little oranges and she couldn't wait to polish his Cox's pippins. Together they made a lovely pear.

This lifestyle did not go down well with the burgeoning Puritan movement, or Roundheads as they were known because of their obsession with corn circles. The Puritans were a fierce lot who wanted to ban theatre, dancing, football, bear-baiting, bull-baiting and the practice of servants taking the piss out of their bosses, known as master-baiting. They also wanted to make it illegal to have sex at weekends. And on weekdays. Indeed, by instituting a complicated timetable detailing when rumpy pumpy was permissible the Roundheads planned to make it more difficult to work out when you could play PC Wobble hides his helmet than it is to discover on what train you can use a Blue Away Day Super-Saver. In fact, if the Puritans had had their way, no one else would have had their way, if you see what I mean. On the other hand, the Roundheads would also have abolished 'Beadle's About', so you can see why people liked them.



The Roundheads held sway in parliament. They detested Charles I and often looked like rising up. However, whenever this seemed likely they went off and had a cold shower. Eventually, though, Charles went too far. He demanded that a new tax be introduced so that he could pay for a visit to a Madrid brothel that specialized in oral sex. The leader of the Puritans, Oliver Cromwell was incensed by the idea of this blow-job burden being placed on the heads of the people and he decided to fight the King. The War of the Spanish Suck Session had begun. This later became known as the English Civil War. Although there was nothing very civil about it.

On one side was King Charles with his cavaliers, sierras, carltons and granadas. On the other was Cromwell with his Roundheads. At first things did not go well for the Puritans. Cromwell's famous 'Ironsides' were defeated time and again. This was probably because they were all in wheelchairs and spent the entire war saying, "Put the coffee on, Mark". Cromwell realized that something must be done, so he formed the New Model Army. This was not, as you might imagine, thus named because it was made up of the 17th Century equivalents of Suzanne Mitzi and Yasmin le Bon, but because it was just seven inches tall.

The New Model Army's tiny stature meant that it could move around the battlefield undetected. On one occasion a regiment of dragons sneaked into King Charles' house disguised as mice. They gave his mistress a nasty shock and ate a large piece of stilton before escaping.

The cavaliers hunted high and low for Cromwell's army, little realising that they were concealed in the draw of a welsh-dresser in a farmhouse near Reading. Eventually, exhausted, demoralized and with their vital cheese supplies severely depleted by enemy action, they gave up. Charles had no other choice than to throw himself on Cromwell's mercy. Unfortunately, Mercy Cromwell cried out in alarm and the King was arrested. Charles appealed to the forgiving side of Cromwell. Unhappily for him this was about as large as a motorway service station butter portion. The King was executed.

A Bad Case Of Diary Ear

After Charles I's execution Cromwell took charge. His regime was so morally strict it made Mrs Whitehouse seem like Miss Whiplash. Low cut frocks and tight trousers were banned; for the only time in British history jelly was off the menu for kiddies' parties; suggestive vegetables were outlawed and words such as prong, nibble and squelch were bundled into a stout chest and locked away in an underground stronghold. Throughout our fair isle the sturdy British yeoman laboured under a tyrannical anti-double-entendre law which made it a capital offence to reply "No. It's just the way my trousers hang" to the question "Are you coming?" Naturally, such brute oppression could not continue for long.

Great Inventions Of The 17th & 18th Centuries

Hargreave's Spinning Jenny
Robinson's Weaving Wendy
Summers' Bouncing Brenda
Arkwright's Pumping Pamela
The Cotton Gin
The Gordon's Gin
Hydraulic Press
Tabloid Press
Gordon's Hydraulic Harriet.

Cromwell died suddenly during a visit to Amsterdam — startled to death by the sight of a woman biting a banana.

The people of Britain were overjoyed. They decided to restore the monarchy. Unfortunately not even several coats of emulsion and a large array of stripped pine shelving could disguise the fact that Charles I's head was gone. So, instead, his son, Charles II was made King.

The period that followed his coronation is known as 'The Restoration'. It was a rumbustious, robust, rambunctious and several other words that sound like they mean 'farting loudly in public without embarrassment' time. Theatre flourished, music played and once again Captain Porky goes potholing became the national pastime.

The flavour of this colourful decade is

Great Architects of the 17th & 18th Centuries

Inigo Jones:— The first architect to introduce the full Classical ideas of the Renaissance to Britain i.e. Pillars, proportion, and statues of men with small willies. His most famous work is Coldwater House in Wilts. ancestral home of Lord Littledick.

Sir Christopher Wren:— Wren began working life as a bra-manufacturer and only turned his hand to architecture in middle-age. The influence of his first career can clearly be seen in his greatest work, St Paul's Cathedral, with its enormous dome.

Sir Christopher Robin:— Robin was the only great architect to concentrate solely on donkey dwellings, usually made exclusively from sticks. His most famous building, Eeyore's House, was tragically washed away in a flood.

Sir John Vanbrugh:— Took Inigo Jones's ideas and expanded them to encompass Greek and Roman architectural traditions. As a result large country houses with missing roofs, crumbling masonry and statues of men with small willies and no arms sprang up all over the place.

best captured in 'The Diary Of Samuel Poops'. Poops was a civil servant from Penge who suffered terribly from diary ear — the inability to hear anything without writing it down. His daily jottings clearly show that though life in Britain has changed in many particulars, generally it remains much the same:—

February 3rd, 1662. Late for the office again! My carriage, the 7.45 from Penge Central, was delayed due to leaves on the thoroughfare. The Mall was once again jammed with people in sedan chairs. Odds Bodkins! Surely it is high time the Government cleared the streets of litters.

At the Ministry of Stationery & Supplies I set about composing a memo on improper use of Government issue bull-dog clips. My secretary, young Molly Mabs, came into my study asking, "Is there anything I can take down, sir?" My amorous propensities aroused by the oscillating of her bounteous baps, I cried out "Your drawers, madame," and boarded her poste haste.

In the afternoon I reprimanded young Churchill about an incident at the office Xmas Celebration which involved one of the drawing department making a copy of his posterior and then sending it by messenger to our office in the New World Colonies. A terrible waste of funds and tantamount to theft in my book.

On the way home, feeling guilty towards my dear wife, Anne for my morning adventure, I decided to buy her a present. Stopping in a fruit shop I ordered a bag of pomegranates. Alas, when the young serving wench weighed them for me I could not help noticing her fulsome display of charms. "Will there be anything more, sir?" inquired she. "Aye, madame," cried I, "I am much taken by the lovely melons in your front window". A breathless coupling ensued, which, I must confess, bruised my pomegranates. Returned home exhausted. And so to bed.

Come On Baby Light My Fire

But 'The Restoration' was not all hi-jinx, low fun and extended games of hunt the truncheon — there was a serious side to it too. Under Charles II Parliament became the tool of democracy. As a result those elected to it were known as 'The Tools', although in Victorian times this was changed to the less vulgar sounding 'members'.

In those days the House was divided into two main parties:

the Whigs, thus named because they supported the King and his ludicrously obvious toupe, and the Tories, so called because they were a bunch of right-wing bastards.

Much as it does today, Parliament concerned itself with making big decisions which affected everyday life: How long should pubs be open? What is the largest permissible size for a g-string? etc. The King meanwhile was reduced to the status of figurehead, allowed only to decide minor things such as who we should go to war with.

The most momentous event of "The Restoration" occurred in September 1666. It started in a bakery in Pudding Lane, London. An old man was found edging a pie with his false teeth. When reprimanded he replied, "Zounds, sir! If you think this is unhygenic you should see how I make the holes in my doughnuts". He was instantly dismissed and 'The Great Fire Of London' had begun. It raged for seven days and by the end of it over 1,000 men, women and children had been sacked. The Government acted immediately to create employment. It introduced 'The Black Death'. A drastic solution, perhaps, but infinitely preferable to Job Club'.

Eventually Charles's son, King James II lost his throne to the Dutchman, William of Orange — so named because he was a total pith-head. William brought many changes to British life: the nation got a constitutional monarch; Ireland was conquered, and everybody was forced to wear clogs and sing songs about tulips (a tradition which continues in Manchester to this day).

One Hell Of A Hanover

After William of Orange had popped his clogs, Parliament cast around for a new Royal Family. They plumped for George of Hanover. And plumped was the operative word since George was so fat that if you slapped his arse he wobbled for a week. George was offered the throne and happily accepted. However, when he sat on it the throne collapsed and he badly dented his orb.

During his reign the Empire expanded as rapidly as his waistline. Wolfe took Quebec, Clive captured India and Captain Cook discovered a series of islands populated with primitive natives living an ancient way of life. He named them Easter Island, Christmas Island and August Bank Holiday Island.

The Georgian Era was also a great period for English letters. Many famous writers emerged. Men such as Henry Fielding who wrote 'Tom Jones', Oliver Goldsmith who wrote many of 'Tom Jones's' biggest hits, Daniel Defoe who wrote 'Moll Flanders' and Defoe's pet mallard Defoe Duck, author of the thrilling best seller 'Day of the Quack All'. Also, there was that famous double act, James Boffwell and Doctor Poncin. 'The Boff and Poncie' were very much the 'Saint and Greavsie' of their day, engaging in exchanges of wit such as: *Boffwell:* "I come from Scotland, sir..." *Poncin:* "Too right, me old son. You're an old jocko and no mistake. Hur hur!" Boffwell wrote a great biography about his companion. Luckily nobody would publish it.

Meanwhile, In Belgium...

An attractive new range of plastic cutlery arrived at the corner shop. Ⓜ

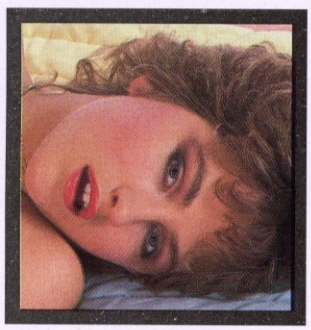
Illustrated by Phil Dobson

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Seduction is a sexual art which many women had thought was dying, until now. Quest talks this month to three women whose sex lives have been revitalised by a particular act of seduction.

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Mrs P
Sex... Female
Age... 23
Town of origin... Lowestoft
Other details...
This young product manager married very young to a man 20 years her senior. After their marriage hit a rocky patch, they managed to increase their sexual pleasure tenfold by regularly having each other seduced.



Quest: You married very young — did you ever regret it, sexually speaking, or was it what you'd really wanted?
Mrs P: As far as sex was concerned, I'd had older lovers right from the time I lost my virginity at 16. That was to a friend of my father's, who I had an affair with for quite some time after that. He taught me to really let go sexually, and to ask for what I wanted in bed. It was through him that I discovered that I love to have my pussy licked from behind, so that I can hold my own love lips open with one hand while playing and satisfying myself with the other. And I also found out that I'm a real screamer — when I let go I really do let rip, and I'm sure the neighbours for miles around must know exactly when I'm having an orgasm!

When I was 19 I met my future husband: actually, he was my boss at the firm where I started my second job, and we fancied each other right from the start. After my sexual initiation I'd tried sex with a few blokes of my own age, but I found that the extra experience an older man brought into bed with him was what I needed, although I know it wouldn't be to every woman's taste. Gordon and I struck sparks straight away, and the first time he screwed me it was magical, a complete release of the sexual tension that had been building up between us since the day we'd met.

This wasn't exactly a seduction, but even just thinking about it now makes my cunt wet and I feel totally aroused. It was lunch time and I was catching up on some filing in Gordon's office when he came back unexpectedly early. We started kissing and caressing each other as soon as the door was shut, as we'd done on several occasions before. Gordon's hands were pushing my prim skirt up around my waist and I felt the lump of his cock pressing hard into my stomach as he groaned in delight when he realised that I was wearing my stockings and suspenders. His hands roved everywhere. My pussy was soaking wet and more than ready as he gently pushed my pantie crotch aside and dipped his fingers into me.

"I need more this time," I breathed to him. "I need to feel your cock inside me."

Saying this, I reached down and unzipped his trousers, feeling his cock all straining and turgid and poking over the top of his briefs. I bent down and licked its purple helmet, savouring the taste of Gordon's juices, but before I could begin to suck in earnest he pulled me up so that I was sitting on his desk, my legs wrapped around his waist.

"You can suck me off another day," Gordon rasped, "but now I'm going to give you the screwing you've been wanting."

With that, and without even bothering to pull down my panties, he proceeded to fuck me very quickly, making me orgasm three or four times with the sheer intensity of it.

That seduction, fast and furious and very satisfying, set the tone for our relationship, and Gordon and I ended up married because our sex life was so good. Gordon was forever encouraging me to try different positions and telling me that the main object of fucking was that I should get pleasure from it.

The only problem was that after about a year of marriage, I began to get bored. I'd been used to the variety of going to bed with a lot of different men, and the tedium of sleeping with the same man night after night, constantly having the same cock inside me, really got to me. To be honest I needed some variety. That's when Gordon realised that he had to inject some spice into our love life.

Quest: What was the seduction scene that he devised?
Mrs P: We talked about it for a long time and Gordon said that he was going to make a special arrangement for me; he didn't say what. Accordingly, I dressed up in my best, tightest red dress with my favourite fetish spike heels and old fashioned black stockings with a seam up the back. And I sat and waited in front of the fire, as Gordon had asked me to.

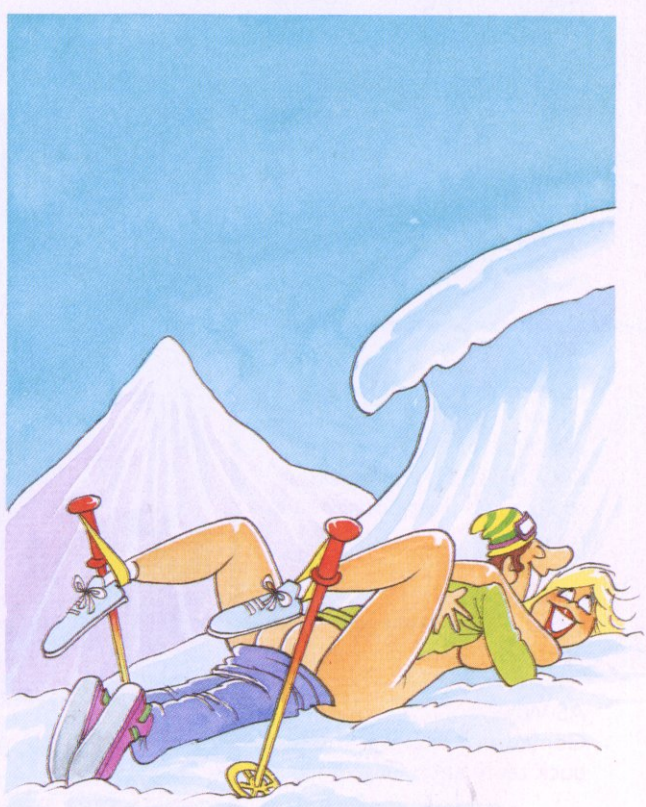
At the appointed time, the doorbell rang and when I answered it Gordon was standing there with a man I'd never seen before. He was gorgeous though, really tall and very well muscled, with lovely, thick blond hair. He was just my

They shouldn't be on the beginners slope!

SKIING IS RELIEVING

There's snow place like the slopes to break the ice, if you get our drift.

Cartoonist Anthony goes on the piste but still knows where to draw the line



type and Gordon knew it.

"Invite our guest in," he told me, and we all stepped through to the lounge, where Gordon poured drinks. "Make our guest comfortable," he said. "He's here to do whatever you want."

As this was obviously to be my night, I turned and said, "I want to be seduced for the night. I want to be able to act like a slut and not have to worry about it tomorrow morning."

When I said that, Gordon sort of melted into the background, and the guy he'd brought in looked at me until my pussy had turned to liquid and I was ready to let him have the run of my whole body. Then he picked me up and carried me to the rug in front of the fire, laying me down, and started to gently strip off my clothes, first my dress, then my flimsy bra and tiny thong panties. He left my stockings on though, and my suspender belt. I knew that somewhere behind us Gordon would be watching, and probably wanking himself off when he saw me in just my stockings, as it's one of his greatest turn-ons.

"When I stood up I could feel his lovely, thick, creamy spunk running out of my pussy and down my thighs"

My seducer then knelt above me and threw off his clothes, though I didn't notice what he was wearing as my eyes were devouring his luscious body, watching the flexing of his muscles as he stroked me,

making my cunt even wetter by rubbing his thumbs in and out of it. As he played with my cunt lips he dipped his mouth onto my clitty and began to slowly, seductively eat me out.

"Tongue me!" I urged him, spreading my thighs wider to allow his tongue to go deep inside me. "I need your tongue in me!"

I was practically gushing juices by this time, and the whole thing was made even more of a turn-on by the fact that I knew Gordon was watching from the doorway. If he didn't have his cock in his hands, wanking himself at the sight of me with another man, then I was still a virgin!

My new lover was eating me expertly now, slicking that tongue in and out of my waiting cunt and along my wet slit. I reached up and touched my own boobs the way I know Gordon likes me to, pulling up my nipples and trying to get my tongue onto them. I stared into the eyes of my new lover as I did so, urging him on until I'd come three or four times.

I was only vaguely aware of Gordon passing my lover a bottle of something, but when I opened my eyes further I saw that it was champagne. To my delight instead of giving it to me to drink, the cork was popped and the cold, bubbling liquid was poured all over my pubes and my lover's tongue pushed it in and out of my pussy hole. I climaxed again from that, arching my hips right up off the floor to push my cunt into his face as he licked and sucked me frenziedly.

"I want to be fucked!" I panted at him, reaching down to hold my cunt lips apart and give him a good view inside my glistening pink walls. "I hope your cock's ready for me, because my pussy can't wait!"

It certainly was because the next minute I watched as one of the fattest lengths I'd ever seen headed straight for my cunt! I felt every millimetre of the helmet as it pushed into my wet tunnel. When he started thrusting in and out, in and out, in perfect rhythm with my hips I screamed as all the climaxes built up inside me.

The final orgasm practically threw me off the floor, it was so intense. I was incapable of noticing whether my new lover came or not, though I supposed afterwards that he must have, because when I stood up I could feel his thick, creamy spunk running out of my cunt and down my thighs. I reached down and tasted it with my finger. Delicious.

Quest: And you've repeated that experience often since then, haven't you?

Mrs P: Certainly have, and in fact I've turned the tables on Gordon several times too. On various occasions I've arranged for him to be seduced by some of my more open-minded female acquaintances. It's such a turn-on to see him pummelling his cock in and out of another woman's cunt... I only wish I had time to tell you about it here!

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Ms G
Sex... Female
Age... 26
Town of origin...
Oldham
Other details...
This single brunette works as a social worker, and was stuck in a sexual rut until she was recently seduced by another woman.

Quest: You'd been unhappy with your sex life for some time, hadn't you?

Ms G: I didn't feel it was going anywhere, to be honest. I'd not had much interest in sex ever since I'd lost my virginity, which was when I was 21. I'd never felt totally at ease with sex, though I had no idea why as my family are very open about that side of things, so it wasn't as if I'd been taught that sex was dirty or anything like that. In fact, I really *wanted* to enjoy going to bed with someone. It's just that until recently, sex was just a take it or leave it situation for me.

I'd dated some really nice guys, and I know that they tried hard to arouse me in bed, but I eventually came to believe that I must be frigid. I just couldn't bring myself to really let go, though I did find that watching sex films and seeing men and women fucking each other, cocks penetrating pussies, come being aimed at breasts and buttocks, really turned me on.

For the past year or so that's how I'd gained my sexual pleasure. I'd masturbate myself as I watched the on-screen action and revelled in the genital close-ups, fingering myself to orgasm again and again. It made me feel very isolated though, and I almost felt as if I must be pretty kinky or something. But things soon changed for me when I got promoted at work, and was moved to a new department.

The seduction that I know you're especially interested in hearing about happened then. My new boss was a woman called Wendy. We got along very well right from the start, though strangely enough we never started swopping confidences about our sex lives the way women friends normally do. I just assumed that Wendy must have a boyfriend, because she always looked very attractive and well groomed. She dressed in very feminine outfits, like tight skirts with ruffled silk blouses, or smart tailored suits, and high heeled shoes.

When we went out for lunch together I could see the way men eyed her up, so it never occurred to me that we'd go beyond just friendship. And if I felt any stirrings of attraction towards her, I firmly buried them at the back of my mind — until one day when we both happened to be working late.

Wendy came into my office at about eight that night, and could see that I was ready to finish for the day. She suggested that we go for a drink and suddenly, instead of me shrugging into my coat, we were kissing each other. Wendy's hands were all over my body, pushing up under my shirt and fondling my breasts through my bra. I felt a rush of arousal like I'd never felt before. We carried on kissing and Wendy was stroking me until I was aching for her.

I don't know what came over me then. "Take me to bed — now," I begged her. "Let's go to your place."

She looked at me long and hard. "It's not the right time," she told me. "Come to my place for dinner at seven tomorrow..."

We both knew what was going to happen, and the next day I couldn't concentrate on my work, I was in such a state of arousal. I turned up on the doorstep of Wendy's house at the time we'd arranged. I was so nervous it was unbelievable, but I was determined to take things as they came.

When I got inside the house she led me by the hand into the dining room, where she'd laid a table by candlelight. I can't honestly remember what we ate, because I couldn't take my eyes off Wendy. She was wearing a long white silk dress, which plunged at the front, so that I could gaze at her cleavage. I started imagining what it would be like to pull the dress down and run my tongue around the soft skin under her breasts. I could tell that Wendy knew exactly what I was thinking, and she was loving it. She sat so that her breasts jutted out my way and she was really showing off how her nipples had stiffened. I knew it was from just looking at me, as she'd been watching my every move.

"I know what you want," she told me. "You want to sleep with me, don't you? You want your tongue to explore my body and you want me to bring you to orgasm. So why don't we go upstairs and get started? But first, my dirty little darling, I'll

teach you about how it's done."

She led me up to her bedroom, which had an en suite bathroom, and turned the lights down low. I found myself thinking that it was all like a film, as Wendy stripped off my loose trousers and skimpy top, letting herself have a good look at me, taking in my aroused nipples and the damp patch on my panties. Then she was on her knees, pulling down my panties as she buried her face into my crotch and run her tongue over my clit. Then, taking me by surprise, she plunged her tongue inside my cunt in one swift movement.

"Make me come!" I begged her. "I want you to swallow my come juice!"

Normally I'd never have thought of myself saying anything like that, but it seemed that I couldn't help myself, I was so turned on. Wendy's hands were gripping my buttocks, pulling my pubic mound as close as possible to her mouth. I groaned as she moved her mouth away from my cunt and started nibbling at the insides of my thighs, at the same time reaching up and pulling off my bra.

"I groaned as she moved her mouth away from my cunt and started nibbling at the insides of my thighs"

I kicked my panties from round my ankles then, and said to her: "I want to see you naked, Wendy. I want to fuck you."

"Let *me* seduce *you* this time," she told me. "I'm the one with the experience, remember?"

She led me over to the bed then, and made me comfortable as she placed pillows under my buttocks so that my cunt was pushed right upwards. She then undressed and I stared at her, seeing how her breasts swung loose and she hadn't been wearing any panties under that white dress. Her cunt was shaved completely bare, so I could see all the folds of her pussy and how wet she was.

Wendy went over to her bedside table then, and took out a huge dildo, which had straps attached to it. My cunt creamed up immediately, knowing that within minutes it was going to be satisfyingly penetrated by it.

"You want this, don't you?" Wendy asked me, dangling it in front of my mouth. "You want to feel this fucking your cunt."

I nodded, but before she strapped it on Wendy stood in front of me with her legs parted and pushed the dildo into her own cunt. I watched her shudder and then withdraw the dildo, then she gave it to my mouth again, and I licked her juices off it, tasting her for the first time.

But I didn't really have time to savour that sensation properly, because Wendy pulled it out of my mouth when she saw that my hand was straying down to my clit. "I'm going to do that!" she scolded. And the next minute she'd guided my hands to her waist so that I could fasten the straps of the dildo around it. It was made so that the long end protruded like a cock, and there was a thumb which fitted inside Wendy's cunt, frigging her as she wore it.

She wrapped my legs around her waist so that she could penetrate me fully with the first thrust, and I shouted out loud as I felt the bliss of my cunt being filled up with that false cock. Then Wendy started thrusting in time with my own contractions, and it honestly felt like a real cock. And although I knew that it wasn't, that turned me on even more.

Wendy made me come so many times that I lost count: all I knew was that my cunt was wonderfully raw and aching when we'd finished our fucking. And the seduction continued when Wendy took me into her shower and soaped me down, the stickiness being wiped from my cunt and thighs by the soap which she started using as a dildo too! I went down on her in the shower, and I loved the feeling of her cunt walls contracting around my tongue.

That seduction was the most completely horny event that has ever happened to me, and Wendy and I are still lovers, though she's encouraged me to sleep with other people too, both men and women. I've found that I'm much more keen on sex with men now — I can really let go.

Quest: So Wendy's seduction of you was really a liberating experience?

Ms G: It certainly was — I actually enjoying fucking now!

Quest: Thank you.

I'm showing her some of the more advanced techniques

I didn't think it would be quite this slippery

Oooh! They were right about you being an excellent instructor

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name...
Miss U
Age... 19
Sex... Female
Town of origin...
Cambridge
Other details... This university student seduced one of her college professors when she was still a virgin, but very eager to learn about sex.

Quest: Our survey is about women who were stuck in a rut with their sex lives. Although you were still a virgin at the time of this seduction, you were definitely in a rut, weren't you?

Miss U: I definitely was, yes. You see, I'd gone up to study at university from a home and a school where I was expected, like all other girls, to act like a young lady at all times. To be honest, sex was definitely not something that young ladies got up to.

But I've got a very high sex drive, as I recognize now, and I spent much of my teenage era in a state of great frustration, masturbating myself three or four times a day and then feeling terribly guilty about it. But at the same time I really enjoyed exploring my body with my fingers, finding all the sensitive spots that could really turn me on and make me wettest until I'd get that lovely hot, tingly feeling in my cunt that made me know that I was about to have an intense orgasm.

I thought that when I got to college everything would change, that there'd be hundreds upon hundreds of eager young studs all ready to service me, take my virginity and then give me all the fucking that I was so desperately craving.

But to my disappointment it just wasn't like that. Most of the men at the college that I went to were either gay or had steady girlfriends who they were horribly faithful to. And because of the volume of studying that I had to do in my first term I didn't really have much time to really socialize either. I was so frustrated that I was eventually forced to buy myself one of those small, slim, silver-tipped vibrators, which I made excellent use of, and some of those things they call Chinese love eggs, which were an amazing revelation. As soon as I pushed them inside my cunt and walked around, they brought me to an intense climax, and soon I took to wearing them while shopping, studying or even at lectures!

Quest: You'd made a firm decision to seduce your professor, Marc, by then, hadn't you?

Miss U: Yes, I had. I really fancied him like mad, and just sitting in his study in a tutorial with him would get me really juiced up — and that was before I'd even discovered those love eggs! He was only about 30, and had the most sexy way of speaking and moving. I decided that I had to have him there and then, and I set about planning how I could get him up to my room without arousing too much suspicion from the Master of the college or any of the other students.

As Marc was my year tutor, we were supposed to consult him if we ever had any problems of an academic nature, so the night I'd made up my mind to put my well-rehearsed plan into action and I rang him and told him that I had a serious problem with one of my assignments. At first he asked me to come over to his room, but I made up a story about having a badly sprained ankle, and I managed to persuade him to come over to my place instead. And I certainly had a surprise waiting for him when I opened the door!

I stood there in my little baby doll nightie, which was so short it only just barely covered my little minge and bottom, and the frilly knickers that went with it were so sheer as to be almost see-through. My legs were bare and I'd caressed them with baby oil so that they looked all smooth and gleaming, and my feet were in a pair of those fluffy mules that you see in Marilyn Monroe films. With my long hair tied up in a pony tail that made me look younger than the 18 I really was, I could see the front of Marc's trousers tenting out straight away as his cock started growing and throbbing at the sight of me.

"Sorry, I've just got out of the shower," I told him breathlessly. I didn't care whether he believed me or not, I'd managed to get him into my room and that was all that counted.

The whole seduction scene went like a dream — a wet dream. As we sat on the sofa pretending to go over my assignment, I gradually got moved closer to him, breathing and panting in his ear as he tried to explain the complexities of

company law to me, then getting bolder and licking his neck and earlobe. From the state of the front of his trousers his prick was about to explode. I slowly ran my exploring hands down the front of his shirt, sending all the buttons flying as I practically ripped it off and began licking his chest.

Soon there were pages of my essay spread all over the floor as I knelt on the sofa sucking Marc's cock, feeling how absolutely massive the head of it felt in my mouth as I took it as far back into my throat as I possibly could, covering it in my saliva and gently grazing it with my teeth. I felt so aroused that I almost wanted to take it down into my stomach and feel it come out of my pussy at the other end! Not surprisingly, Marc couldn't last long, and I felt his hot load shoot into my mouth as he gave a loud groan and sank back into the cushions.

I savoured the salty taste of it for a moment before swallowing, and then I leaned forward and kissed him, pushing my tongue inside his mouth so that he could taste his own come. I could tell that he was totally inflamed by that, and I decided that the next step was to have him lick out my cunt.

"Go down on me," I ordered him, pulling aside the crotch of my baby doll panties so that he could get a good view of my sparse blonde minge.

I'd often fantasised about a man going down on my pussy, lapping at my fleshy folds and swallowing my love juices. Now I could hardly believe that the moment had come and I even paused momentarily before I pulled his head towards my aching cunt and leaned my head back in sheer ecstasy as I felt his wet tongue slide skilfully into my soaking pussy hole. I came straight away, I was so ready for it, and then again and again as Marc tongued me ever faster. He was certainly a cunnilingus expert, though I didn't stop to wonder which other female students he'd honed his expert pussy-licking skills on.

"I leaned my head back in sheer ecstasy as I felt his wet tongue slide skilfully into my soaking pussy"

Eventually I couldn't wait any longer, and pulled him up from his sitting position so that I could look him square in the face. "Now I want you to take my virginity," I told him.

The look on his face told me that the prospect of deflowering me was more than delightful, but there were more instructions that I wanted to give him. "I really want to do it standing up," I told him. "I want to really feel your hard cock pumping inside my cunt."

Marc obviously wasn't used to hearing young girls speak like that, and his cock was hard again because of it. I took it in my hand and ran the tip of it around my cunt lips, feeling the way it was pulsing in my hand as I teased him. I felt so wet in my cunt, knowing that I had so much power over him, that I pushed one slim finger inside myself and wriggled on it, to show Marc how turned on I really was.

Although it was my first time, I didn't feel any pain at all as Marc's rather large member pushed itself inside my tight pussy walls. I hugged it with my cunt muscles as he rammed it up me, and wrapped my long legs around his waist so that I was lifted off the floor, him holding me up. The penetration he got in that position was absolutely incredible — I could feel every inch of that gorgeous tool pumping away, and I was loving every second of it.

"Harder! Harder! Please, harder!" I urged, and Marc pumped me as fast as he possibly could, almost slipping out of my wet cunt in his eagerness to come inside me. When he eventually did shoot his load it sprayed half in and half out of me, coating my thighs and bottom and feeling deliciously creamy inside my cunt. I'd orgasmed several times, and the pressure from Marc's pubic mound against my clitty as he pulled me against him at the moment of climax made me come yet again.

Quest: Was that the most satisfactory way of losing your virginity, with you being in total control?

Miss U: That was the thing I enjoyed most about it, I think. Now, when I spot a bloke I want to fuck, I just go for it, and I've found that the guys love it!

Quest: Thank you. Ⓜ